

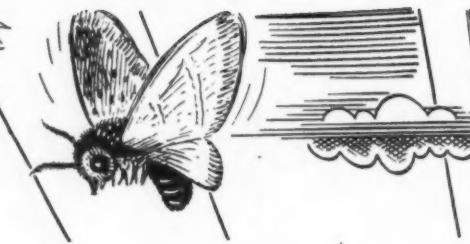
American Junior Red Cross

September

1943

NEWS





Morning

GERALD RAFTERY

Illustration by Frank Dobias

A ROBIN soberly patrols the grass
Through the long shadows; placid rabbits pass
Across the road; a spider web is spun,
A silver cartwheel, on the pump; the sun
Transmutes each tiny needle hung with dew
Upon a pine to opal, flame, and blue;
A weary moth, a loiterer of the night,
Goes fluttering home bewildered by the light.

—*The Washington Post*



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

September • 1943

"Yours, A. J. Hubbard"

MARGARET CURTIS MCKAY

Illustrations by Donald McKay

IT WAS three o'clock in the afternoon, and school was over. The children marched in orderly lines down the schoolhouse steps, then broke into a whooping race for the buses lined up in front of the building. No more school, the principal had said, "until every apple in Wenatchee Valley has been picked."

The migratory pickers who used to flock to the region at apple harvesttime had been absorbed into the armed forces or the war industries. Millions of good red apples hung ripe in the orchards up and down the Valley. Who was to pick them? The whole community solved the problem by answering promptly, "We will." So all stores in every town in the Valley were to be closed indefinitely for three days a week, and the schools for a solid month. Clerks, teachers, high school pupils—every able-bodied person—would pitch in to save the crop. In the smaller towns, such as Dillard, even the lower-grade schools were closing.

Ordinarily, no one would have been happier over the prospect of a month's holiday than Sol Hubbard. Think of playing football all day long with the fellows! Jack Kramer and Bill Marsden came whooping by.

"Hey—Sol! Race you to the bus!"

But Sol answered only half-heartedly and let them grab the favorite seat just behind

the driver. He found a seat between Sally Spencer and another girl and relapsed into silence.

The bus left the highway and began to climb to the little plateau, or "bench," where a cluster of small houses nestled on the edge of acres upon acres of orchard. There were frequent stops now to let children off. As Bill and Jack, scuffling and pushing each other, left the bus, Jack shouted to Sol,

"The fellas will be practicing at Miller's field, so get a move on! We got to beat the Wild Cats next Sat'day."

Sol waved his hand without answering. At the next stop he and Sally got off and began trudging up the hill. Then Sally turned in at her house, and Sol went on alone.

As soon as he knew he was out of sight of everyone he took out the letter that had come the day before. He read it again, as if by reading it over and over he would get some idea, some gleam of inspiration that would lighten his gloom.

"Dear Sol," the letter said, "Mom has had the operation and is doing nicely, though she is very weak. I shall stay with her as long as she needs me, possibly ten days or so. I know it's a bad time to be away but, if the weather holds, it won't hurt the apples to wait two or three weeks. Mom's long illness and operation

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have cost so much that I'm going to have to get the R.A.C.C. to see me through this year's shipping after all. I don't like the idea, but of course the important thing is Mom's recovery. Mom sends love.

Yours,

A. J. Hubbard."

Of course Mom's recovery was the important thing, and it was great to know she was getting well again. It was the part about the R.A.C.C. that made Sol so heavy-hearted. There was no disgrace about borrowing from them. That was what

the Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation was for—to help growers who hadn't money enough to pay for the tending, or picking and shipping of their fruit. And many a good grower in the last few years had been only too glad to turn to them for help. But not Andrew Jackson Hubbard!

How often had he heard A. J. say, "Once get into their clutches and you're done for as an independent grower! Five and a half percent and a yoke about your neck! Your stuff gets picked when *they* want it! And they—" Oh, he used to hold forth at length. "No Hubbard has ever yet had to borrow money to run his business," and so on. Sol knew it all by heart.

He stuffed the letter back into his pocket, and turned up the lane to his house. He thought how wonderful it would be if he were rich. He would say, "Here, A. J. Everything I have is yours!"

A plate of cookies stood on the kitchen table. Mrs. Manning, the woman who had looked after the house ever since Mom had been sick, had just made them. Sol dropped his books on a chair and helped himself, but he was so deep in thought he forgot to eat. Turning abruptly, he went out again and walked slowly toward the orchard. Gee! he felt awful. What *could* a fellow do to help his folks!

He thought of Mom. Mom was wonderful. She wasn't his real mother, of course. He had never known his real mother. But Sol was



The boys and girls swarmed about the orchard, picking and packing the shiny red apples

sure that no real mother could ever be loved more than he loved Mom. And Mom loved him. Little son, she called him. Little son. Sol recalled the first time he had ever seen her. Four years ago it was. He was only eight years old. It was visiting day at the Orphanage. He was Sol Rosenoff, then.

A rumor had crept around that some folks from the far west were looking for a boy to adopt, a good strong boy. Sol had not been very hopeful that he would be chosen. He was rather small and thin. They would most likely choose Peter, he thought, or Carl. Then he had looked up right into Mom's face, and his heart had given a funny jump.

He had heard Mom tell about it many a time. "We were taken through the place," she would say, "and my eye fell on this little chap. He looked up at me with those big, dark eyes and smiled. So I knew it had to be Sol, even if he wasn't as husky-looking as some of the others. Not one of them had a smile like his. And I've never once regretted my choice!"

Sol sometimes wondered, however, if Mr. Hubbard hadn't regretted it. Mr. Hubbard had never called him "son." And Sol had never called him anything but "A. J.," as the whole town did, or "sir." Sometimes Sol thought there was nothing in the world he wanted quite so much as to feel that A. J. loved him as Mom did. He was haunted by the fear that A. J. would always regret that they hadn't chosen big, blue-eyed Peter.



He was in the orchard now between the rows of trees. Their leaves, spray encrusted, were silvery in the sunshine. The big red "Delicious" apples crowded the boughs. A regular forest of props helped the trees bear up their laden branches. Sol had helped A. J. put in those props, for the hired man had been drafted during the summer. It was a small orchard, only about twenty acres, but the fruit was extra fancy and in good years brought a fair price. It would bring a fair price this year if it were picked in time. Always so much money had to be paid out before the apples were ready for picking. There was the constant spraying, the pruning, the irrigating. And now with the ladders lying ready in the shed and the field boxes empty, waiting for the picking, there was no money to pay the pickers.

Sol groaned out loud. Why, thought he, can't I do something? He recalled again Mom's reason for choosing him from among the others at the Orphanage. On account of his smile! Heck! A fellow must do more than smile to justify that choice. He reached out his hand and pulled an apple. He knew how to avoid breaking the little nub that must be left on the twig because it was the sprout of the next blooming. Many an apple had he picked. Once you knew about that little nub there was no trick to apple picking. The trees were scarcely higher than twice a man's height. If only he were a giant and had ten arms! Or if he would find a sack of money under the trees. It would have to be quite a lot of money. Ten

thousand or more boxes at ten cents a box to the pickers would mean a thousand dollars!

It was very quiet in the orchard. There was no wind, and the sun was warm. The air was heavy with the odor of the fruit. Sol picked another apple; then another. He thought, "That's all there is to it, first one, then another, on up to a hundred thousand or so!" Suddenly an idea came to him, an idea so stupendous that for a moment he stopped breathing. Then in a flash he was off through the orchard, down the lane, down the road.

He arrived at Miller's field almost completely breathless. At least twenty boys were milling about, kicking a football and racing around.

"Hi—fellas!" Sol shouted.

Something in his voice caught their attention at once. Had someone drowned in an irrigation ditch or was some house afire? They gathered hopefully about him. Sol was a great favorite. Mom wasn't the only one who had fallen under the spell of that smile of his.

"Say, fellas," Sol began. Then he laid his proposition before them. A. J.'s apples had to be picked, and he, Sol, and they, the fellas, would have to do it. A. J., he assured them,



Sol arrived at Miller's field breathless with excitement

would pay them the customary ten cents a box, but not till after the apples were sold. They would have to wait weeks, maybe months, for their money, but they would get it. He knew they were none of them very big and couldn't pick at the rate of older boys. But if they would just stick to it the apples would get picked.

"We are too young to go to war," he said, "and the growers don't want to bother with us little fellas when they can get men and women and high school kids. But we can pick apples as well, if not so fast, as anyone. And—and," his voice faltered just a little, "it will keep one man from going into debt."

There was a moment's silence, then Bill Marsden flung his cap high in the air. "Whoops! I'm for it!" he shouted, and the rest joined in the riot.

Half an hour later Sol was racing back home. As he passed Sally Spencer's house, Sally waved at him. He stopped long enough to tell her what the boys were going to do.

Sally's eyes lighted up. "We girls will help, too," she cried. "We can pick apples as well as any boy. And I know Daddy will help haul the fruit to the cold storage plant."

Sol gave her a beaming smile of gratitude and raced on.

As the train from Seattle slid down the Valley, a tall middle-aged man stood on the back platform of the observation car and gazed with worried eyes at the orchards that stretched away on each side of the track. In some, the apples still hung, flashing their rich red amid the silvery green of the leaves. In others, pickers swarmed, and boxes stood about piled high with the ripe fruit. Beyond the orchards rose the barren hills banded by the great flume of the irrigation canal that wound round the slopes like a huge serpent. High above the point where the railroad tracks converged in the distance towered the jagged line of the Cascade Range over which the train had come.

They were getting in to the station now. The man went inside and lifted some suitcases down from the rack above the chair in which sat a small, frail-looking woman. She looked up and smiled.

"Well, A. J., here we are, back home again."

"Do you feel all tired out?" asked A. J. Hubbard, tenderly.

"No, indeed. I wonder if Sol will be at the station."

"Probably not," he answered.

But Sol was at the station. He ran to meet them with his dazzling smile.

"Mom!"

"Sol—little son!"

"How are you, my boy, how are you?" said A. J. "Here, mind these bags while I see if Si Dunbar can leave the store long enough to drive us up to the ranch."

"Mr. Spencer drove in for you, sir. He is waiting right out front," said Sol.

"That was nice of him," commented A. J.

Sally was there too, with her father. Sol and A. J. helped Mom into the car. A. J. sat in front with Mr. Spencer, while Sally and Sol sat in the back with Mom between them.

Mom said, "It seems to me you are looking kind of thin, young man."

"I'm all right," answered Sol. He looked slyly at Sally who returned the look and giggled. She was almost as excited as Sol.

The car turned up the hill. "You begun picking yet?" asked A. J.

Mr. Spencer nodded. "Yes—nearly through. Grand crop this year."

"Yes," said A. J. "I got to get down to Wenatchee tomorrow to see the R.A.C.C. fellows. Hospitals and such are plenty expensive. Hope the weather holds another couple of weeks—till I can get my crop off. It was raining in Seattle."

Mr. Spencer made no answer. They were winding up the last slope now. A. J. turned to look at the Spencer orchard. How he wished his own trees were stripped like these!

Mr. Spencer shifted gears to take the last turn into the Hubbards' lane. A. J. stared. There stretched his prize "Delicious" trees, with not an apple in sight.

The car stopped. A. J. climbed slowly out. Sol got out too and started to drag out Mom's suitcase. A. J. just stood there. Then he looked at Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer said quickly, "It's none of my doings. It was Sol here. He roped the boys and girls into it. They did it all themselves, except I did the hauling—and gladly. It's the small fry you've got to thank. Sol there—"

A. J. looked at Sol. Then he took a step toward the boy. He cleared his throat.

"Why, Sol," he said huskily, "Sol, my son!"

Swiss Anniversary Excursion

JACQUELINE GUIGNARD-HAKANAUER

IN THE center of Europe, bounded by France, Germany, and Italy, is my little country — neutral Switzerland. Even now, in wartime, the Swiss still hold on to the freedom they fought long ago to win.

From time immemorial, there lived, in the middle of what is now Switzerland, three communities of shepherds, who guarded their flocks in peace on the rich pastures dominating the Lake of the Four Cantons (Lake of Lucerne). The tinkling of the cow-bells could be heard from afar. Apart from the shepherds, a rare pilgrim on the road to Rome traveled the rocky roads of this wild country. He was soon lost to sight climbing the St. Gothard mountain.

This small community was, however, not unknown to the government which reigned over Central Europe in the Middle Ages. For a long time the Hapsburgs of Austria had tried to annex this people of peasants and their land, but without success. One day Duke Albert of Austria became Emperor of Germany, including in his empire the Lake of the Four Cantons and its environs. This was the end of peace for the forest community.

To make certain of the submission of his subjects, Albert sent bailiffs everywhere who took away the oxen of the mountaineers, saying, "If you want to work, draw the plows yourselves." They forbade the people to own good houses.

Soon murmurings arose from all hearts. The shepherds appealed to the Emperor himself, begging him to remove the bailiffs, but in vain.

At last the men of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden made a secret alliance on the green plains of Grütli on August 1, 1291. The pact, written in Latin, is now preserved in the archives of Schwyz. Among other points, it says that it is perpetual, that the men of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden have undertaken to help each other at all times, and to prefer death to further slavery.

This pact remained secret until 1315, the year when a great victory was won over the Austrians. After that, it became public.

Other regions gradually rallied to the pact. In that way Switzerland assumed its present form.

In 1941 was the 650th anniversary of the existence of Switzerland as a country; that is why the school children of the whole country went on a pilgrimage to Grütli.

The pupils of our school in Geneva assembled on the station platform. Each of us was laden with a well filled rucksack containing lunches and refreshments for two days, night clothes, toilet articles, a warm garment, and a raincoat.

Suddenly there was a loud whistle. We all moved towards the train. A few minutes afterwards the train started. Hundreds of handkerchiefs waved, and cheerful faces appeared at the windows. Au revoir, Geneva!

The country was beautiful. The royal blue of Lake Leman (Geneva) stood out against the green mountains which closed the horizon. In the vineyards the sun shone brightly on the costumes of the girls working among the leaves. Cows grazed in the fields.

William Tell in America

Almost a hundred years ago, about two hundred colonists came from the canton of Glarus in Switzerland to settle in Wisconsin. They named their village New Glarus and they and their descendants kept alive the crafts and ways of the old country while they prospered as American farmers and cheese makers in the new land. Today the Upright Swiss Embroidery Company of New Glarus is busy making chevrons and insignia to fill Army and Navy contracts, and cheese of New Glarus and Green County goes to men in our armed forces and in lend-lease shipments to our allies.

On September 3, every year, people of Swiss descent come from all parts of the United States to a tiny valley bordered by wooded hillsides near New Glarus. And there they watch with breathless interest the play of "William Tell" performed by men, women and children of the village. They witness the pledge of the men of the little Swiss states in Grütli Forest to fight against the hated Austrian tyrant; the refusal of Tell to bow to Gessler's cap; the shooting of the apple; the death of Gessler. The climax comes when signal fires proclaim the independence of Switzerland and the church bells ring out in the tower of New Glarus church a quarter of a mile away.

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W. PLEYER. COURTESY SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS

Swiss shepherds use large wooden horns to call their herds together

The highest of spirits reigned in the train. We sang one after another of the songs learned in school during the year.

The train branched off at Renens, and now we were in the Canton of Vaud, with its vast fields of wheat. In the distance we could see Neuchatel with its collegiate church and its castle. We went on past the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne with their imposing castles of the Middle Ages.

As we went on towards Lucerne all of us began to feel hungry. The big sacks came down from the racks, and everyone was happy.

At Lucerne we got out to visit the town. I won't go into details, but must mention the Lion of Lucerne and the covered bridges which are particularly fine. A torrential downpour interrupted this interesting visit. Of course the raincoats had all been left on the train, for when we arrived at Lucerne the sky had been magnificent, without a cloud. Luckily our group could take shelter under the arcades and await the end of the shower.

In the middle of the afternoon we went back to the train for Schwyz. There we had about

a quarter of an hour's walk from the station to the town. The mountains seemed to close in on all sides. In the town the inhabitants smiled at us from the windows; but we had to be quick. We paid a rapid visit to several buildings, especially the one which contains the Federal Pact of 1291 and the banners taken in the course of old wars.

We rejoined the train and went on to Brunnen. There a copious dinner was served to all the excursionists in the various hotels where rooms had been reserved for the schools. After dinner, the pupils walked about for a while in the town and then, by groups of three, went to their rooms and slept peacefully, soothed

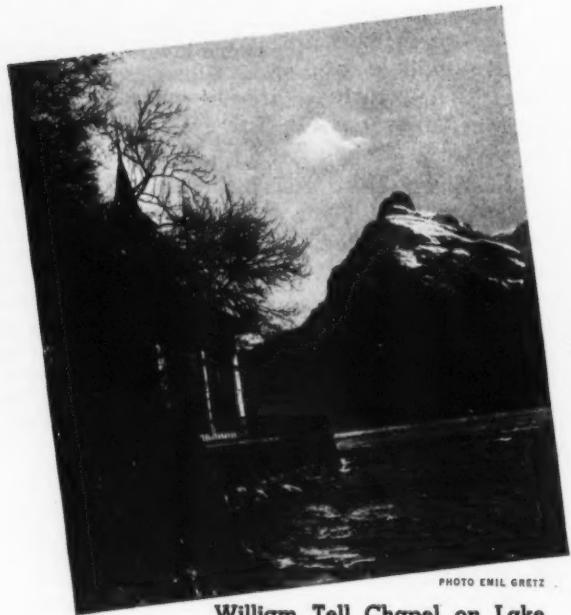


PHOTO EMIL GRETZ
William Tell Chapel on Lake Lucerne

by the sound of the waves in the nearby lake.

The next day, after breakfast at the hotel, we left by train for Sisikon in the Canton of Uri. From there, in a long file, we walked along the Axenstrasse, a road cut in rocks about seven and a half miles long, between Brunnen and Fluelen. Little by little the schools dispersed. Some walked fast straight ahead, others stopped to take photographs, others again went slowly, the better to admire the country. The Axenstrasse is really marvelous. The rocks fall sheer to the water, allowing one to enjoy a unique panorama. An arm of the lake appears in its entirety with its towns, villages, and forests. The rocks are reflected in the clear water.

The promenade was interrupted for a mo-

ment. We followed a little path leading to the Chapel of William Tell. It is very picturesque, and there are some fine frescoes inside.

Every child in Switzerland knows by heart the legend of the gallant archer, William Tell of Uri. When Gessler, the hated Austrian governor of Uri, ordered all the people of Altorf to salute the cap he had set up in the market place, Tell refused to show this respect to the symbol of Emperor Albert. So Gessler ordered him to place an apple on the head of his little son and shoot it off with his arrow. This Tell did, and then showed another arrow which he said he had meant to use to kill Gessler if the little boy had been harmed. Gessler seized Tell to throw him into prison on a grim castle on the cliffs above Lake Lugano. But as they crossed the lake together, a great storm came up. Only Tell had the strength to steer the boat through the wild waves, and he took over, guided it to the shore, leaped off on a hazardous shelf of rock and escaped. Afterward he was a leader in gaining the independence of his country.



Above, the Rütli House on Lake Lucerne, called the cradle of Swiss liberty because men from three cantons there united against foreign tyranny

About half past eleven we boarded a boat which took us to the meadow of Grütli, the scene of the pact of 1291. Alas, on our arrival it was pouring. But the boat emptied, nevertheless. In spite of the rain, the patriotic ceremonies were held. Mr. Lachenal made a speech, followed by a spoken chorus and several songs, after which we all sang the na-

We believe in service for others, for our country, for our community and our school; in health of mind and body to fit us for greater service and for better human relations throughout the world. We have joined the American Junior Red Cross to help achieve its aims by working together with members everywhere in our own and other lands.

tional anthem with enthusiasm and vigor.

We went back to the boat, got out our lunches and played games until the departure of the boat during the afternoon.

We sailed along the Lake of the Four Cantons towards Lucerne. The sun reappeared, and a gay town greeted us at the end of our trip on the water. We had a good tea; then, for the last time on this excursion, we all got back into the train.

It is getting on to ten o'clock. After passing through Berne, Fribourg, Romont, and Lausanne, the train runs through Versoiz—



Above, Lake Lucerne, one of the lakes over which the student excursion boat traveled

we are nearly home. We start collecting our things. Entering the station at Geneva, everyone sings the chorus so popular in all the schools of the Canton: "Here they are, here they are, the children of Geneva."

On the square in front of the station, the parents who have come to meet their children form a huge black mass. Each child finds his father and his mother and returns home joyfully, after warmly thanking the teachers who have accompanied and guided them on this magnificent excursion.

This pilgrimage to the Grütli will be a wonderful souvenir for each of us of the anniversary of the foundation of the Swiss Confederation.

From "Material for Editors," issued by the League of Red Cross Societies, Geneva, Switzerland.



The Little Madonna

VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM



Illustrations by Ann Eshner

Part I

THEY called her the Little Madonna—for she was no bigger than a child's doll. And sometimes they called her the Old Madonna, too, for she had stood there in her niche in the church wall since the days when Casimir the Great was King of Poland. Little Madonna, Old Madonna—it was necessary to name her, for now a new madonna stood big and splendid beside the altar. The new statue wore a robe of heaven-blue, and there were real jewels in her crown—sapphires and wine-red rubies. The city folk who came to the village on summer holiday knelt always to the new madonna. Their money had paid for her splendor. But Halinka loved the Old Madonna still. She did not have a robe of heaven-blue; nor jewels, nor even a crown. She was only little and gray and carved of stone. But she had something which the new madonna would never have: the sweetness of her smile, perhaps; the gentle grace of outstretched arms; and something, something more, which could not be put into words.

Perhaps it was only that the Little Madonna had seen so much of life—and of death. Warriors of six kingdoms had stormed through her village—knights in steel armor, archers with crossbows, soldiers with swords, guns and deadly cannon. The Little Madonna had seen them all come and go. Once in the long ago the enemy had mistaken her church for a garrison. When the smoke of the cannon lifted, the church walls lay in ruins. Not a piece as big as your hand was left whole, except for the niche where the Little Madonna stood smiling, holding out her gentle, loving hands. It was told that the enemy marauders were so overcome by the miracle that they were easily routed, and the village once more was free.

Halinka knew the story well. Had not

Grandmother told it a hundred times beside the hearth fire on winter evenings, just as Grandmother's grandmother had told it, and her mother before her? Brother Jan liked best the tales of soldiers and fighting, but Halinka waited always for the story of the Little Madonna. Every spring since she could remember Halinka had watched eagerly for the coming of the snowdrops, anemones and crocuses so that she might be the first to bring an Easter garland for the Little Madonna's crown.

It was not spring now, but September, and



"Don't ask questions," cried Jan. "War has come"

the summer flowers in the meadow were gone. Still, in some sheltered spot, Halinka hoped to find a few blossoms, cornflowers, perhaps, or red poppies, with which to make a farewell gift for the Little Madonna. And a farewell gift she must have, for Mother had said that they would be leaving any day now for England and their new home with Cousin Ste-

fania. It was hard enough to think of leaving their village, but to go away without a farewell gift to the Little Madonna was impossible.

"I shall be back before dark, *mamusiu*," Halinka called as she knotted a red scarf over her bright curls. "I want only to gather a few flowers for the Little Madonna."

Her mother looked up from her sewing, an uneasy frown wrinkling her forehead. "Why don't you go with your sister, Jan?" she said to the blue-eyed boy hunched over his wood-carving in the chimney corner. "You could take some food in a basket for a little lunch. The walk will do you good."

Those were her spoken words, but Jan, glancing up quickly, knew that her eyes said something else: Go with your sister, Jan. The enemy soldiers may come at any moment. *Daj Boze!* Please God, you may be far away by then, but one never knows. If only your father would come back with the passports for England! You are too young to fight for Poland. But you can live for her. You must go away so that one day our land may live again.

"All right, *mamusiu*," Jan said quietly, closing his knife and slipping it into his pocket. A month ago he would have scoffed openly at the idea of such an outing. Picking flowers was for babies and girls. He was twelve, going on thirteen, and almost a man.

"*Dobree, dobree, Halinka*," he said, smiling. "All right; I am ready."

Halinka squealed with delight at his unexpected acceptance. She would take her doll Zoska, too, and make it a real celebration.

Jan opened his lips to protest, but the words were not spoken. The little lunch was soon packed, and the children set out, with Zoska's head bobbing contentedly over the edge of the picnic basket.

Jan led the way across the oat field to the thicket by the marsh. The harsh stubble made rough going, and the two leaped from one cleared spot to another like hoptoads, to the accompaniment of Halinka's flowing chatter.

Suddenly Jan became aware of a steady droning hum that grew louder, louder. Against the western horizon three black specks loomed steadily larger.

Without taking his eyes from the oncoming planes, Jan swept his sister into the shelter of a clump of alders.

"*Cecho!*" he commanded brusquely. "Quiet!"

"But—why—why?" Halinka stammered.

"Don't ask questions," Jan interrupted. "War has come." He sounded so much like Father that Halinka subsided instantly.

The foremost plane hovered over the railroad station, and a black speck came hurtling downward through space. Then another, and another. Halinka had scarcely lifted her finger to point them out when she had to clap her hands over her ears to shut out the deafening roar. Flames shot upward, and yellow, billowing smoke. The factory went next.

With fear-widened eyes Halinka saw the last of the planes pass over the straggling rows of thatched roofs and drop its burden of destruction at the far end of the village where the wooden tower of the church rose above the neighboring rooftops.

The church! The Little Madonna! Oh, dear sweet Mother of God, do not let them hurt the little statue! She prayed wordlessly while the black thunder echoed across the fields.

The bombers circled back to the west and disappeared into the sunset. Halinka stumbled to her feet.

"*Czekaj! Wait!*" Jan pulled her back peremptorily and pointed. Along the roadway came a squadron of motorcycle troops. Behind them a cumbersome army truck lurched through the mudholes.

Jan and Halinka watched as if in a dream while the gray-green figures dismounted and swarmed over the village. The men were too far away for the children to hear their voices. Presently the figures, too, began to blur in the gathering dusk.

With a sudden stab of dread at the pit of his stomach, Jan realized that this was the moment for which Father had prepared him. "IF THEY come," he had said, "take Halinka and head for the sea. Do not wait for your mother or me, but go. You know the village where we went fishing. Our friend there will have a boat that will take you to England. In England there is still freedom. You will need money. Mother will see that there is some sewed always in the pocket of your shirt. You will need courage, too. I cannot give you that, but you will have it when the time comes, I know."

Jan squared his shoulders, remembering . . . When the time comes . . . Well, the time was now!

"We will eat our supper, Halinka," he said firmly. "After it is dark, we will go."

(To be continued next month)

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FRANCIS BIDDLE	Councilor
DANIEL W. BILL	Treasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMAN	Secretary
JAMES T. NICHOLSON	Vice-Chairman in Charge of Junior Red Cross
LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR	National Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRIDE BROWN	Editor

The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Plan Now for Enrollment

THE American Junior Red Cross now has more than 17,000,000 members. Through membership in the Red Cross they can do many things that will bring comfort and cheer to men in our armed services. They can exchange correspondence with and send small gifts to fellow members in other countries. They can help children in war ravaged countries. Don't let your membership lapse. If you do, you will lose the chance to keep on doing these things.

You enrolled last November for the year 1943. November 1 to 15 is the period for enrolling for the year 1944. Begin now on plans to make this enrollment even bigger than last year's.

AND PLAN TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITIES YOUR RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP OFFERS.

It's Gift Box Time Again

EACH YEAR for more than twenty years, thousands of Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes full of small gifts have gone out from schoolrooms of the United States, taking messages of good will to children around the world. Last year, in spite of shipping difficulties, 100,000 of these boxes went through to Great Britain, Iceland, Greenland, Alaska, Mexico, Ecuador, Cuba, Venezuela, Guatemala, Panama, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Costa Rica and Russia.

This year again you may make up these greeting boxes, and September is the month to begin on them. They should be ready for the inspection of your Junior Red Cross chairman early in October.

Your gifts speak not only for the Junior Red Cross but for your country. Pack each box with new, well-constructed articles that are American-made, for the receivers will appreciate things made in your country. Every time you buy or make something to go into a Gift Box, remember it is going to a real boy or girl who likes the same things you do.

Shipping costs abroad are paid from the National Children's Fund. So remember to put aside some of your Junior Red Cross Service Fund for the N. C. F. Get from your Junior Red Cross chairman a list of things that may be put in the boxes.

There's a Junior Red Cross Film!

SEPTEMBER 1, the first American Junior Red Cross film, "Hand in Hand," was ready for distribution. It was made in the schools, with actual J. R. C. members in the cast. There are scenes showing production of various kinds, bicycle corps in action, home nursing and nutrition classes at work, methods of raising money for local services and for the National Children's Fund. Projects financed by the National Children's Fund are illustrated. Some of the scenes were filmed abroad, some in camps and stations for the armed forces. At the request of our Red Cross representative in Moscow, five prints of the film have been sent to Russia.

The film is available in 16 mm. sound for schools and Red Cross chapters, and in 35 mm. sound for movie houses. It is ten minutes long. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman how to get it for your school.

Switzerland Saved Children

SWITZERLAND, where the Red Cross started, has saved the lives and the futures of thousands of children who were victims of this war. The government and the Swiss Red Cross and other private agencies supplied the money for food for children in Asia Minor, Greece and the Balkans. Medicines were bought for Finnish children. Thousands of children were brought in from France and Belgium to spend three months with Swiss families and go back home with rosy cheeks and steady nerves.

Neutral Switzerland represents United States interests in every occupied European country and every country with which the United States is at war. And the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva looks out for prisoners of war of all countries all over the world.

"I Had Never Seen Her Smile"

After the holidays the Junior Red Cross mail bag bulges with messages like these:

From Scotland: "One of our Junior Red Cross members is an evacuee from London, and her mother was killed in the blitz. Although I have known her for nearly two years, I had never seen her smile, until I presented her with a gift box from the American Junior Red Cross."

From Puerto Rico: "Besides being the expression of friendship between us, your presents were the only ones we got on Christmas. War and unemployment have left Santa Claus far from our homes. The happiness we felt can not be described with words."

From Greenland: "I had the pleasure here at Godthaab to witness the joy of the children when they received the beautiful things."

From Newport, Monmouthshire, England: "The gift boxes allotted to this area were distributed to the children of the prisoners of war from this county, who are held in Germany and Italy. Their pleasure

The little girl at right had just been evacuated from war-crushed Belgium by the Swiss Red Cross. Junior Red Cross gift boxes cheer children in many war areas, have been sent as far as China and Russia



INTERPHOTO NEWS PICTURES, INC.

was increased because many of the articles in your boxes are scarcely obtainable here."

From Alaska: "Thank you for our gift boxes. We know we will not get a box from outside this year, but we will try to take care of what we have, and to help those who need things more than we do."

From Chile: "We hoped for all this from our parents, relatives, friends—but we never imagined that young friends from a so-distant country would help us to celebrate with such pretty presents."

This English girl was made happy by the paints which were sent across the Atlantic by the Junior Red Cross

Many of the children who receive your gifts have been evacuated from danger zones to safer areas; many are in hospitals undergoing treatment; many have suffered in other ways as a result of the war. British Junior Red Cross members were glad last year to have the opportunity of distributing many of the gift boxes on your behalf.

The Director of the British Junior Red Cross wrote us after the holidays: "Toys and presents have been very scarce and difficult to buy in the shops this year; in consequence your gifts have been doubly welcome to many thousands of children who would otherwise have been disappointed. The pleasure and delight of the youngsters have more than repaid the efforts of all those who so carefully planned the gift boxes."



COURTESY CLIFFORD YEICH, THE READING TIMES

Two members of the West Reading J.R.C., Reading, Pa., packing 800 gift boxes to be sent to children in the United Nations



The map above of Central America came in an album from the Escuela Republica Oriental del Uruguay, Tegucigalpa, Honduras

Some Neighbors Write—

land, you see, is very rich.

We export silver, gold, coffee, coconuts, tobacco, bananas, cattle, cow and deer hides, and hats of juncos fiber. At present, we are opening more highways, paving some cities and restoring the famous ruins of the ancient Mayan civilization.

When the Spaniards reached this country, the Indians had acquired a high grade of civilization. Their temples, gods and animals made from stone prove this. In La Concordia Park are reproductions of the Mayan ruins of Coparpero, and many animals. Among them, there is one which attracts attention because of its big beak and its great feet. This is the marabou. It is the enemy of all the fish that live in the pools of the park.

To the south of our capital is Ojojona, a town dedicated to pottery. From that place the Indians come to sell their manufactures. In this way they make a meager living. Reitoca is a village about sixteen kilometers out in the Tegucigalpa Mountains. From there come the Indians who live in this village to sell their poultry, balanced on a stick.

There are five grades in our primary school. Twice a month we go out to the country. We play football, baseball and basketball, and we have a small orchestra. In the high school they have a good band and orchestra.

Some of our schoolmates have been to the United States, and they have told us about that great nation.

Our school uniform is gray. Its parts are a cap, belt, copper buttons, black high shoes, a couple of tiny rifles and two insignia. The insignia is blue for the first grade; red and yellow for the second grade; red, yellow and blue for the third; red, yellow, blue and green for the fourth; red, yellow, blue, green and white for the fifth.

When we declared our independence from Spain, the lands that are now the republics of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, Costa Rica and Honduras made one single nation, Cen-

IN THE return album which they sent to the Mark Twain School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, children in a school in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, wrote:

OUR SCHOOL is in Tegucigalpa, our capital city, with over 34,000 inhabitants. There are not any railways in connection with this city yet, because there are many mountains all about, but we have good highways and, therefore, there are many cars running. The highway up from the port of San Lorenzo on Fonseca Bay to our capital is one of the finest roads in the world. Some of our roads follow the lines tramped out by the cattle being driven from our rich pastures to markets in Guatemala and Salvador.

We have a good airdrome and every day monoplanes, bimotors and trimotors leave for different points in Central, North and South America.

Our country has more than one million inhabitants. It is hot along the coasts, but in the interior it is cool. We don't know what snow is here, and we have flowers and fruits all during the year.

We have important trees such as pine, mahogany, oak, cedar, rubber and liquid amber. And we have vanilla and sarsaparilla vines. Gold and silver are mined in Honduras.

The national tree of Honduras is the pine tree. In the mountain districts, these useful trees form huge forests and provide us with their wood and their sap which is used in making oil of turpentine.

Bananas are cultivated in great quantities on our north coast by citizens of Honduras and of the United States of America. Our

tral America. Now we are separated, but we dream about our past. We want to be a federation, just like the United States.

The five stars of our flag represent the five republics.

About a hundred miles north of the border between Canada and the state of Washington is long Lake Okanagan in British Columbia. From a little school up near the north end of the lake, McNeil Junior High School in Bessemer, Alabama, received a correspondence album last spring. The Canadian school children wrote:

OUR SCHOOL is about seven miles from the city of Vernon. We have twenty-two pupils from grade 1 to grade 8. Only one teacher is in charge of the school.

In the early days Vernon was a stopping-off place for cattlemen bringing herds from the United States to our cariboo district during the time of the gold rush. Vernon was on the Old Cariboo Trail, which ran from the border to northern British Columbia. On the big B.X. Ranch were raised the horses which drew Barn-

ard's Express. Mr. Barnard carried the mail to the mining areas. One of the coaches used in those days is still in good repair and is brought out when the city celebrates "Frontier Days"—when everyone dresses as they did fifty years ago and all the old coaches, bicycles and wagons are brought out.

Most of the early settlers came across the United States into British Columbia. They came in covered wagons and endured many hardships on the journey.

It was not until 1892 that the Canadian Pacific Railway brought a branch line down the Okanagan Valley. Before that, freight was brought to Sicamous, then by boat to Enderby and thence by road. The alternative route was to bring it by rail across the United States over the border to Penticton. There it was transferred to paddle steamers which carried it up Okanagan Lake. The boilers for these boats were built in Glasgow, Scotland, then sent as parts and assembled here in the valley.

The valley is very dry, but a huge dam was built at Aberdeen Lake and a canal was dug along the mountainside for about fifty miles.

Below, children in patio playgrounds of the Escuela De Niñas Marco A. Soto, San Juancito, Honduras. The photographs on this page were sent in an album from this school



Above left, an ancient highway leading to Tegucigalpa, Honduras. The modern highway from the coast to the capital is one of the finest in the world. Above right, Hondurans are proud of the replicas of Mayan ruins in Concordia Park, Tegucigalpa, Honduras

This insures plenty of irrigation for the Vernon area, and similar systems are in use throughout the valley.

Vernon is in a bowl-shaped valley enclosed by high mountains. Within easy distance, there are three lakes where we go swimming in summer. Four other valleys branch out from Vernon, the trading center for the entire area. The gray granite Provincial Court House in Vernon is the most beautiful building in the interior. On special occasions it is floodlighted with hundreds of electric lights.

Our school is on the scenic highway which leads to Mount Aberdeen, or Silver Star, as it is generally called. This mountain is 6,000 feet high and is snow-capped from September till June. Many ski enthusiasts travel up there when skiing is good. They have built a cabin where they go for their lunches. It is called Silver Star because when the district was first opened up, there were silver mines operating here. Once all the silver was mined, the population of the district decreased and the school was closed for some years, but it was re-opened six or seven years ago.

The school is built on a steep hillside so we have no level playground. In the two rooms attached to the school the teacher usually lives, but the teacher we have this year rides to and from school on horseback as her home is only four-and-a-half miles from school.

Most of the children come from one or two miles away. Most of the people live on small farms in the midst of the trees. They have cleared enough land to raise a few cows, horses and goats. They also grow their own vegetables and raise chickens. During the haying and apple seasons the men work out on farms lower down the valley. It usually takes two months to pick the apple crop.

It is so cold here in winter that most houses keep two or three fires burning all the time. Most of them burn cordwood and this means that a great number of men must spend the winter in the woods in order to ensure a good supply for both rural and urban homes.

About three miles beyond the school, there is a sawmill. Here they make lumber which



This drawing of a mud and stone stove was sketched by Carlos Lozano, fifth grade, Escuela Republica Oriental del Uruguay, Tegucigalpa, Honduras. This kind of stove is used by almost everyone in Honduras

they take to Vernon lumber yards on big trucks. They also sell the slab, or strips with the bark on, for summer fuel. The sawdust that accumulates from cutting logs is also sold for fuel as quite a number of town houses heat and cook with sawdust-burners. And this means that there is very little waste from a mill.

The chief industries of the Okanagan Valley are fruitgrowing and dairying. Armstrong grows some of the finest celery in Canada. Potatoes, carrots, onions, squash, peppers and beans are the chief vegetables grown here. In canneries up and down the valley

tomatoes are canned. In Vernon there is a big dehydrating plant where vegetables are dried for shipment to England during the war.

Vernon has a big cooperative creamery where thousands of pounds of butter are made. This butter has won forty-four first prizes in Canadian agricultural exhibitions.

Logging is another industry carried on to a certain extent. Men go out in the woods far from towns and cut down only the large trees. These are stripped of their branches and either floated down the rivers or hauled by trucks to the mills. The logs are sawed into various lengths and shipped to Great Britain and the United States.

We haven't many early garden flowers because it is too cold. The crocus is the first to come through and is often surrounded by snow, since it comes in bloom quite early. Tulips and daffodils are usually seen in profusion in most gardens.

Spring doesn't come till April. We have many beautiful wild flowers. Buttercups are followed by the mayflower and yellow bell. Usually around Easter time the hillsides are one mass of yellow, for then the sunflower is at its best. The prettiest and most unusual of the wild flowers is the crimson Indian paintbrush.

Then, in October the sumac, an Indian name meaning "flaming bush," is one flaming mass of scarlet along the roadsides. Later in the autumn the Japanese barberries turn red and make very pretty floral decorations for Christmas.

Ideas on the March



THE old familiar cry, "School's out," didn't mean playtime this summer. Boys and girls in the North, East, South and West buckled down to keep the Junior Red Cross geared for service and rolling along.

In chapter houses, in schoolrooms set aside for the purpose, in gardens of members, even, the J. R. C. program was in full swing.

In the Pacific Area, members had fun making decorations for Christmas trees which will be shipped to our armed forces stationed in Alaska. Taking heavy paper and decorating both sides in gay colors, they turned out all sorts of trimmings—Santas in holly-decked sleighs, Santa with a pack on his back, drums and ships, poinsettias and stars, jacks-in-the-box, bright red stockings brimming with toys and candy canes, gaily decorated miniature trees. Each decoration had a string or ribbon at the top for tying. Some were trimmed with tinsel, cotton or ribbon, but all were flat so as to be easily packed.

Even before schools closed, 700 members of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, enrolled for service, and had a busy time making articles for the armed forces and, in addition, helped to assemble supplies for the Enrollment for Service period, November 1 to 15. "Jeep House" was the name given to headquarters for summer activities of the Bethesda, Maryland, branch of the Montgomery County Chapter. A full program of J. R. C. activities was under way. The Bicycle Corps helped a lot by delivering supplies between county and branch headquarters.

Along with other chapters across the country, Mobile, Alabama, reported a Junior Red Cross workshop open five days a week. Much time was spent in producing articles needed by the Camp and Hospital Service which you will find explained a little later on. So that

senior Red Cross members might get an idea of what J. R. C. members are up to, the Mobile Red Cross Executive Board was invited to hold its monthly meeting at the J. R. C. Workshop early in the summer season. In Multnomah County Chapter, Portland, Oregon, there were classes in Red Cross Home Nursing, Nutrition, First Aid.



IN MANY communities Red Cross chapters have banded together to form Camp and Hospital Service Councils. These carry out the Red Cross program of services to the armed forces within certain areas. The commanding officers in camps and hospitals are able to meet with the Red Cross camp and hospital staffs and when something is wanted from the Red Cross in a hurry, it can be supplied. The chapters, too, being near by, can keep their eyes open for opportunities to serve. Junior Red Cross members, of course, are often called upon. Camp Wolters, Texas, reports:

"One of the outstanding features of the meeting of the Camp and Hospital Service Council was the presentation to Colonel Flegal, Commanding Officer, of a 3' x 5' wall hanging made by pupils of the David Crockett School in Dallas, Texas. The wall hanging, which pictured pets the servicemen had left at home, was presented by the president of the school's J. R. C. Council."

Wheels for the bookwagons which J. R. C. members make in industrial arts classes are becoming harder and harder to get. To assist their Camp and Hospital Service Council, members of Brockton, Massachusetts, set to work collecting usable wheels from old toys, particularly express wagons and tricycles. As a result, quantities were brought in and were fitted at once to bookwagons or the carts which carry phonographs to hospital wards.



WAR ON WASTE



VICTORY BOOK
CAMPAIGN



FUND RAISING



SCHOOL
CORRESPONDENCE



J.R.C. members are making many kinds of articles for men in service: at left, boys of Blow School in St. Louis making checker-boards. All gifts for the armed forces are made to specification in answer to requests from R.C. Field Directors



JUNIOR RED CROSS Headquarters has received a lot of interesting letters recently. Here are a few of them.

From a member of the Women's Voluntary Services in London:

"Down at Salisbury the other Sunday I saw several English boys, dressed in the uniform of Home Guard cadets, escorting American soldiers to the homes of English people for the afternoon. Apparently, the soldiers, the Home Guard cadets and members of the Women's Voluntary Services who have made the hospitality arrangements gather together at the American Red Cross Club at 2 o'clock every Sunday. The address of the hostess is given to the Home Guard cadet, who then escorts two or three soldiers to the house and introduces them formally to their hostess before leaving and coming back to the club to take off another batch. Two hundred and twenty soldiers went off within the half hour I was there. Each one took with him a small tin of Army rations—tea, coffee and sugar—so that he would not be making too great inroads on the rations of the British household. The hospitality scheme is being the very greatest success and the boys who take part in it thoroughly enjoy the privilege of taking Americans around."

From an invalided British sailor at the Charleston Naval Hospital, concerning an afghan sent to him by Junior Red Cross members of the Old York Road Branch of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter:

"At this moment covering my lower extremities and breaking the oneness of the surrounding color scheme, like 'Old Glory' over



RITA MCGILL, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Above, repairing home equipment is an important war job

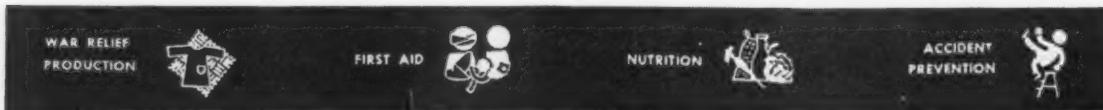
the sands of North Africa, is an afghan born of hands industrious, helpfully American. Exquisitely beautiful, its usefulness is being enjoyed by an Englishman. I hope to take it with me when I return to England. As a souvenir, so useful, it would serve to remind me of a happy acquaintance with delightful people, but mostly it will be to me a symbol of the cooperation between America and Britain which exists today, and which must continue for all time if we are to rid the world of greed and hate, the parents of war.

"The work of the Red Cross is manifest and I am not gifted nor worthy enough to shout hosannas. May I just say, but sincerely so: Thank you."

From one of a group of young Jewish refugees now living in Ely, Cambridgeshire, England: (When the boys arrived in 1939, none could speak English. Very few have heard anything from their parents since they arrived in Britain.)

"Dear Friends: I greatly appreciate the nice sweets you sent to me in such a beautiful box. Sweets in England are rationed and then you're lucky if you can get good ones."

I was born in Germany in 1930 but both my parents are of Polish birth. I came to England in May, 1939, with a party of refugees from Germany. My mother and father were, the last I heard from them, in Warsaw, Poland. When war broke out I was evacuated to a county named Norfolk, and lived in this county for over 2½ years. After that I went back to London where some of my relatives live. After staying there for 3 months I came



to Ely where I live now. It has a beautiful cathedral, one of the oldest and most historic in England. I live in a Jewish hotel here with 26 other refugees. We are from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany and Austria, and there are also a few English boys. Everybody in Ely treats us very kindly, and I am happy here. I am looking forward to the day when peace is once again in the world and my mother, father and I are happily together again."

 CHILDREN in Russia, hospitalized and orphaned by the war, will be included this year in those who will receive your gift boxes. Imagine their pleasure when these boys and girls open up their packages and find them brimming with toys and games, puzzles, balls, whistles, marbles, paints, ribbons, soap, washcloths, sewing materials, even stockings, handkerchiefs and hair ribbons. And two thousand pounds of hard candies will be sent along with the gift boxes, a real treat in these days for children everywhere.

 TO EXPRESS their appreciation for gift boxes, J. R. C. members in the Argentine prepared an attractive "thank-you" album. Flags of the United States and the Argentine appeared on the opening page with a red cross at the top. Argentine boys and girls holding the gift boxes were pictured. Throughout were photographs of Argentine children in the various schools receiving gifts from fellow members in America.

 FOLLOWING the suggestion in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, members of Richland County Chapter, Columbia, South Carolina, made a study of the United Nations. First, a representative from each enrolled school drew a capsule from a fish bowl, a replica of the famous one used in drafting men for service in the armed forces. Each capsule contained the name of one of the United Nations. The United Nation drawn by the school representative was the school assignment for the year. While one group studied the flag of that country, another made the flag. Still others studied about the country and prepared interesting booklets about it.

At the annual meeting of the chapter, all of



COURTESY HARRISBURG NEWS

The J.R.C. members of Katharine Sweeney Day School in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, sold refreshments at a field day and gave proceeds to the J.R.C. National Children's Fund

the United Nations flags were on the stage; children in costume presented the flags and booklets and each gave a one-minute speech about his special United Nation. One of the schools provided appropriate music, and at the close, each representative turned in the school's gift to the National Children's Fund.

Later the flags and booklets were deposited with the local Red Cross chapter where they are on hand for anyone who wishes to borrow them. Already six community agencies, and three high schools have made use of the material, and a recent letter from the chapter says that, "Our borrowers range all the way from the Commanding General at Fort Jackson to a young buck private with an entertainment to arrange."

In a letter booklet prepared for fellow members in England, P. S. 90, The Bronx, New York, told of their study of leading United Nations personalities, including Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin, and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. To heighten interest, the members made a mural in color, showing children of the United Nations approaching a scroll upon which the Four Freedoms were boldly printed. The children wrote, "The bright background of the mural represents the bright future towards which we are all looking, when victory is ours and all the nations of the earth are friends."





Billy and the Jaylets

Howard Lilenthal

Pictures by Helen Finger

the other side of the lake. It was so beautiful that he had to get up and dress.

It was early in the morning, and his parents were still asleep. Billy took a walk in the woods, but he had a feeling that his father wouldn't like him to climb over the log.

On the ground, just across the log, he saw a young bird who couldn't fly but tried to run away from him. It was a lot bigger than a sparrow, and was a grayish blue. Suddenly Billy heard a loud, shrill, angry call, and there, in the tree almost over his head, was a glorious, crested, long-tailed blue and white bird. It must have been the father or mother of the helpless one on the ground. It came nearer and seemed to be warning its baby, who then sat quite still.

Billy was so interested that he didn't hear his father open the door and was astonished to see him go down to the lake, wrapped in his bathrobe. The Captain threw off his robe, kicked off his moccasins, and plunged into blue water for his morning swim. A little later he came up the path.

"Hello, Son!" he shouted. "I'm glad you're on the right side of the old log; I meant to tell you never to go over it."

"O. K., Dad. Tell me about this cute little bird and his mother."

The Captain climbed over the log and examined the spreading branches.

"We're in luck," he said. "This is a

THE first camp in the woods that Billy Black had ever seen belonged to his father, Captain Black, and his dear little mother. Billy called her Mum, but that didn't mean that she was quiet. To his father, she was Patsy. She wore a green ribbon in her hair.

The camp was a tiny house built of logs with the bark on. All around it were balsam trees that smelled like Christmas. The ground in front was covered with pine needles. There was a big log on it. And the house, the log and the trees were on top of a flat rock high above a lovely blue lake. A winding path led down to the water.

The family had come to the camp from the city. At a village by a lake they got a boat and the Captain rowed them across. When they arrived it was night and, though the moon was bright, Billy was so sleepy he had to go right to bed in a cozy room of his own.

Next day he was awakened by the red sun which came up from a mountain on



AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



SERVING THE SCHOOL

Study the *Calendar* picture and talk over things that make a good school:

The people who go to school—pupils and teachers. How will good teamwork with one another and with teachers, in planning and working together, help you improve your school? How will good teamwork serve our nation?

A healthy school. What can you do, working together, to increase "health of body" for all members? How will having a healthy school serve our nation?

A safe school. What can you do to make school a safe place for all? How will making your school a safe place serve our nation?

A beautiful school. What can you do to make and keep your school beautiful? How will making your school beautiful be a service?

A school where all members grow—in skills, in knowledge, in ability to think honestly, to understand problems and work hard for solutions. What can you do to help everyone benefit from democratic education opened to you by your school? How can your school be a "wheel" in the progress of our nation?

PUT THINKING TO WORK.



SERVING THE NATION

Carry out one Junior Red Cross Service before the end of this month. *For example*—take garden flowers to old people's homes and for Nurses' Aides to distribute to patients in the hospitals.

Rural school members might make small "tuck-in" pillows from down or feathers, for hospitals. Cover with firm, tight-woven cloth that has been washed very clean. Town members might make washable slips for the pillows.

Extend service beyond your own community. Ask for the latest list of gifts for men in camp hospitals. Would they like small autograph books (4 x 6 inches) that you could make and decorate? Can you collect scrap lumber from discarded wooden crates to use in making gifts?

Are there other things that you can conserve for service? Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out from the Red Cross production committee.

YOUNG MEMBERS, DO THE SOLDIERS NEED COAT HANGERS? CAN YOU COLLECT SOME?

Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out from the area Red Cross office what kind of gifts you can make for blind children.

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

Classroom Uses

THE material in this issue of the *News* will be of special help in "place geography" and other school interests.

Art:

"Apple Gathering" (front cover), "Morning"

Geography:

Canada, Central America—"Some Neighbors Write"

Poland—"The Little Madonna"

Switzerland—"Swiss Anniversary Excursion," "William Tell in America," "Switzerland Saved Children"

United States—"Apple Gathering," "Yours, A. J. Hubbard," "Food for Your Family"

Other Countries—"I Had Never Seen Her Smile"

Health:

"Food for Your Family" (back cover)

Primary Grades:

"Billy and the Jaylets," "Poems for Now," "Food for Your Family," and, for the teacher to read aloud, "The Little Madonna"

In Braille

The braille edition of the September Junior Red Cross magazine includes in braille grade 1½, "Yours, A. J. Hubbard," editorials, "I Had Never Seen Her Smile," "Ideas on the March," braille grade 2, "The Little Madonna," school correspondence from Honduras, from the *News*, and one article, "United Nations against Hunger," from the *Journal*.

Junior Red Cross and the War

Here are some specific illustrations of the way material in this issue can be tied into classroom interests resulting from the war:

"Yours, A. J. Hubbard" tells of how a young boy and his schoolmates worked together, as pioneers used to, saving food important as a source of living to his foster parents and also to our entire nation. Family, community and nation are centers of interest in this story.

"Swiss Anniversary Excursion" reminds us that the world's heritage of freedom is very old and comes from many places. "William Tell in America" suggests that our own legacy was not only won through our national struggles but was carried to us by colonists like those of New Glarus, Wisconsin. Nor should we forget that some came from nations with which we are now at war, voluntary or involuntary exiles from tyrannies intolerable to them.

"The Little Madonna" helps us understand things happening to children in Europe, their faithful devotion to their religion, alike with Christians and Hebrews, and their brave shouldering of mature responsibilities.

"Plan Now for Enrollment" and "There's a Junior Red Cross Film" will help members with plans for renewal of membership. "It's Gift Box Time Again" and "I Had Never Seen Her Smile" should inspire high standards for the Gift Boxes prepared for children overseas.

"Some Neighbors Write" will make real some of the places where our Allies live.

"Ideas on the March" shows many ways that members constantly put into action the ideals that they pledge themselves to observe.

"Billy and the Jaylets" may lead into discussions of the need for wisdom in kindness.

"Poems for Now" is a reminder that there is need, more than ever, for creative outlets.

"Food for Your Family" will tie in directly with Health Education and the understanding of our national food problems.

No Stamp Exchanges

Official censors have ruled that no stamp collections can be sent to foreign countries, for the duration. Spies have devised secret codes whereby pages of stamps carry messages to the enemy. Nobody imagines that Junior Red Cross members are spies, but as good citizens all of them will abide by the ruling. Pages or collections of stamps will be removed from all correspondence albums going abroad.

Developing Calendar Activities

The *Calendar* picture this month suggests that we start with the school—to make a good school. How can newcomers be helped to feel at home?

What special problems of health result from wartime conditions? If it is not reasonably possible for everyone to practice essential cleanliness at home, as a means to prevention of disease can a group working together devise facilities for cleaning up at school? If it is difficult for some to get enough rest at home, can the group plan together for relaxation during school—if only for brief periods of putting heads down on desks and "letting go"? If any essential foods (milk, green vegetables, citrus fruits, eggs, meat and cereals) are lacking from the diet, can the group devise means of providing the important foods or substitutes? If there are special safety problems because of congestion or because younger boys and girls are helping on farms and in industries, will a unit of study in Home and Farm Accident Prevention be a safeguard?

Through activities like school correspondence, sending Gift Boxes, reading Junior Red Cross magazines, members learn about our allies who live in those places.

Through learning what the spirit of the Red Cross means, they have a chance to work for a post-war world where our enemies will not always remain enemies. In an article in *New York Education*, February 1943, William E. Young, New York State Director of Elementary Education, wrote:

"Even a slight trend toward racial prejudice and national hatreds among young children should cause us concern. The very foundation of American society rests on the premise that individuals of different backgrounds can work together for the common good. And the world itself cannot continue in a turmoil of hate. It is imperative that our young children shall not be encompassed by the weights of our mistakes and prejudices, for it is they—to paraphrase Lincoln—in the post-war world who will richly win or meanly lose the best hope of man on earth."

Giving Meaning to the Junior Red Cross

BY ADVANCE planning on the part of teachers it is possible to make re-enrollment in the American Junior Red Cross in November the lead for or culmination of activities and study that will strengthen the program for the whole school year. The following condensed report is quoted to help you with such planning. The unit outlined was carried out in the fifth and sixth grades of the Theodore Judah School of Sacramento, California, Miss Edwilda A. Lewis, teacher. The slogan has been changed to fit the September and October Calendar pictures.

I. Theme: Junior Red Cross, a means of giving service to others. **Slogan:** "Serving the Nation through the School."

II. Teacher's Objectives for Pupils:

A. To help the children grow in knowledge and understanding:

1. Of their opportunities to provide aid and comfort for others
2. Of different kinds of service
3. Of the broad work of the American Red Cross, including the Junior division of membership

B. Skills and abilities:

Effective use of source materials, increase in accurate observation, ability to think and talk logically, skill in oral and silent reading, effective presentation of materials

C. Attitudes and appreciations:

1. Initiative, cooperativeness, self-control, self-reliance, responsibility, poise, courtesy and helpfulness toward others
2. Creative expression in art, music, poetry

III. Approach:

A. Junior Red Cross enrollment

B. Conversation about the American Red Cross

1. A test was given first to discover what the class already knew about the American Red Cross, and what further information they felt they would like to have.

2. The class discussed some of the services necessary in supplying aid and help.

3. The class invited the Junior Red Cross Chairman to visit the school and tell us about ways our Junior Red Cross could be of service. The Chairman of the Mothers' Red Cross group spoke to us on senior Red Cross activities and the School Nurse spoke on health, thus developing community relationships.

C. Trip to the Sacramento American Red Cross Center where people are in active service

1. The children discussed what they hoped to learn.
2. The class discussed the findings of the trip.

IV. Development of the Unit: The class discussed what the members might do to interpret what they learned. Committees were chosen.

A. *Play Committee*, with contributions from other committees and with material accumulated through the trip, research work, and discussions, wrote an original play on Junior Red Cross.

B. *Research Committee* looked up any information needed by the play committee, and any of the other committees formed later.

C. *General Reference Committee* kept a list of all books and magazines containing related material to be referred to by other committees.

D. *Puppet Committee* made puppets to represent a Red Cross Nurse, Doctor, Teacher, Small Boy.

E. *Letter Committee* wrote invitations and thank-you letters.

F. *News Items and Scrap-Book Committee* collected news items and pictures dealing with the unit brought

in by members of the class. These were discussed and placed on the bulletin board, where any of the committees could refer to them. Later these news items and pictures were made into individual scrap books.

G. *Verse Choir* organized to chant Junior Red Cross slogans, original poems and songs.

H. *Music Committee* kept a record of all the songs on the subject of Junior Red Cross, which were worked into the play, whenever possible. Music appreciation lessons were also prepared in which recordings were played.

I. *Creative Writing Committee* collected original poems and slogans written by members of the class on any phase of the Junior Red Cross Unit. These were kept in booklet form.

J. *Movie Committee* kept a list of all the movies concerned with the Unit. This list could be referred to at any time by members of the class.

V. Culmination:

A. Presentation of a program by the entire class for other grades, parents and visitors

1. Introduction to the program
2. Reports from the various committees
3. A three-act play, and Junior Red Cross songs
4. A quiz on Junior Red Cross activities. (Guests on the quiz program chosen from another grade.)
6. Concluding speech explaining the gains and progress of the class through work on the Unit.

B. Pupils' evaluation of Unit

VI. Correlations and Integrations:

A. Reading

1. Factual reading during research periods (Junior Red Cross magazines)
2. News items, both oral and silent
3. Supplementary reading for pleasure

B. Art

1. Printing and making posters and slogans for salvage drives, bulletin board, booklets
2. Crossword puzzles, scrap books, proverbs, crisp sayings, cartoons, jokes
3. Making Junior Red Cross gifts for the Armed Forces, selected from Red Cross Headquarters lists and patterns
4. Making ash trays

C. Music

1. Sing-songs related to this unit
2. Music appreciation lessons
3. Original lyrics for songs

D. Handwriting

1. Junior Red Cross slogans
2. Captions for posters
3. Invitations to speakers on Junior Red Cross
4. Letters of thanks to those who helped

E. Language Arts

1. Oral Expression: conversation, planning and discussing class trip to the Chapter, committee work and reports, evaluation periods, cooperative outlining, discussion of standards for actors, play try-outs and rehearsals, dramatization of play, pantomime as a means of expression, carrying messages, announcements, general talks, introductions, impromptu talks, choral speaking, oral interpretation, grammar, program planning, meeting and introducing people

2. Written Expression: taking notes while reading, during talks, during observations, written reports, play-writing, punctuation, poster and slogan writing, letters of invitation and thanks, original poetry, song lyrics, descriptions for cartoons, announcements.

Look around and find one thing, in each kind of school improvement you have talked about, which you can DO before the end of THIS MONTH.

From the ideas suggested on this page, select things that you can adapt to your own school or that make you think of other ideas.

Promote teamwork and good human relations in an "amateur game." Have everyone enter the game or athletic event he knows least about. Those who know can be judges. Talk over beforehand what ideals of sportsmanship you will live up to.

Promote safety by making a list of things that cause accidents in your school and on the playground. Work out ways of protecting smaller children. Outlaw hazing as irresponsible citizenship.

Promote school beauty, by keeping school grounds clean. Improve your schoolroom by planning the best-looking way to exhibit your work.

Promote education, by an exhibit to show how you applied your education during vacation; for example—vegetables and fruit preserved from Victory Gardens; articles made for service in "Junior Red Cross Jeeps." Charge small fees for visitors, to earn money for Junior Red Cross enrollment in November.

1943 SEPTEMBER 1943

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Junior Red Cross members serve their nation:

By good teamwork in school, with one another and with their teachers,

By "health of mind and body" through studies and play,

By practicing safety, for one another's protection,

By growth in understanding and skill.

YOUNG MEMBERS, WHAT PART OF THE PICTURE MEANS PLANNING A

GOOD SCHOOL?

WHAT PART MEANS GROWING STRONG?

WHAT PART MEANS TAKING CARE OF EACH OTHER'S SAFETY?

WHAT PART MEANS MAKING SCHOOL BEAUTIFUL?

WHAT PART MEANS FINDING THINGS OUT FROM BOOKS?

Help better human relations. —Fill Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes for children of other countries. Send only new, attractive gifts. Choose presents so that each box will have a variety including toys, games, personal ornament, handkerchiefs, school materials, toilet articles, one thing that represents your very finest workmanship.

Prepare a Letter Booklet for a Junior Red Cross group in England (6 x 8 inches). Include several illustrations and one or two letters that will help the English members to know what your school is like and the ways that your Junior Red Cross is helping.

Help lift health standards.

Can surplus products from your Victory Gardens. Ask the Red Cross Home Service workers whether they can use some of your canned food to supplement the diet of families they visit.

Practice cleanliness at all times to avoid spread of infection.

YOUNG MEMBERS, ALWAYS WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE HELPING WITH JUNIOR RED CROSS WORK.

Organize a Junior Red Cross Council in your room. Elect representatives to belong to the school Red Cross Council. If there is a school for the blind in your Chapter, be sure that it is represented on your Chapter Junior Red Cross Council.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

blue jay's nest. See, up there to the right—and there are young jays there. We'll have a lot of fun with them."

After breakfast, Billy tried to make friends with the little bird, who had now managed to scramble up on the log. He tossed a big crumb in front of the jay, and sat quietly on the ground, waiting. At last the jaylet looked at the crumb and seemed to be interested. Billy kept perfectly still and soon the baby bird took a few timid steps. The parent made little clucking sounds which seemed to be meant as encouragement. After a while, Jaylet picked up the crumb and swallowed it. Then he took other pieces of bread and the meal was finished. It was not easy to drag Billy away from his pupil, but the Captain insisted that the only way to teach the bird was to give him the lessons when he was truly hungry.

Two hours later, Billy came back. Jaylet was now perched on a low branch of a shrub. At first he was timid, but this time both father and mother bird were there to call and chuckle. Then they themselves began to take the crumbs scattered on the ground. Now Billy put a piece

The jaylets would come at the first crack of the pistol, and wait to be fed.

of the food at the end of a long stick and, standing as far away as he could, he held the morsel near Jaylet. At first, the little bird shrank away along the branch where he was sitting. But in the end he took the morsel and Billy drew the stick away at once. Next time Billy's hand was a little nearer. Thus ended the second lesson. After some days, the little jay took food from Billy's hand.

The other young birds were much easier to train. But the parents would not follow the example of their young, although they were soon tame enough to eat from the ground close to Billy's feet.

The entire Jay family were given



HELEN PINDER

names, though they never learned to answer when they were called. The old birds were Pop and Mom, the children were Jaylet, Blooey, Bettie and Mittie.

Every afternoon at four o'clock, Captain Black gave lessons in pistol shooting to Billy's mother. The target faced the lake. It was nailed to a dead tree back of the camp. As soon as the practice was over, Billy would scatter food on the ground for the bird pets. In less than two weeks, the entire Jay family would come at the first crack of the pistol, and sit around waiting for the feast.

After a while, neighbors and friends heard about the blue jays who answered the call of the gun. People came over to watch them.

At last, vacation days were over, and the time came to say farewell to the sweet home among the balsams. The packing was finished, and the big flat-bottomed boat was loaded.

Captain Black and Patsy and Billy were taking a last look at their house on the rock when suddenly a gunshot sounded in the woods close by. A hunter appeared with his dog, a black and white setter.

Just then the jays, looking for a treat when they heard the shot, flew to the ground near the hunter. He promptly raised his gun. But he lowered it when Billy shrieked, "Hey! Don't shoot!"

The sportsman listened in astonish-

ment. "I'm a lover of birds myself," he said, "and these northern blue jays are enemies of many of the small ones, the warblers and the sparrows. They're hard to shoot, too," he went on. "It amazed me to see these friends of yours come to me instead of flying off at the sound of my gun."

"They always come to be fed after pistol practice," replied the Captain. "Too bad to think what will happen to them when we're far away."

"That's one trouble about taming wild animals," said the hunter. "They learn to think of men as their companions. Better not tame a wild thing of any kind, unless you mean to take him with you."

"I've an idea!" announced Billy's father, and ran up the path to the house. A few minutes later he came back with a big white board. He nailed it to a tree beside the boat landing. In big black letters he had painted:

NO ONE WANTS TO HARM A BIRD
OR A BEAST THAT HAS ITS OWN
NAME. DON'T HURT OUR BLUE
JAY FRIENDS. THEY ARE

POP
MOM
JAYLET
BLOOEY
BETTIE
MITTIE

And then the flat-bottom was on its way.

Word Pictures

Words are like riders
On horses fast.
They make us see pictures
As they gallop past.

—From "The Colored Land, a Navajo Indian Book," Scribner's, New York.

Hanging Out the Wash

Jane and I both think it fine
To carry clothespins to the line.
Oneeta hangs the things up high
And leaves them in the sun to dry.

Immediately they jump and skip
As if they'd started on a trip!
The wind makes my pajamas prance
And all our stockings hop and dance.

My sailor suit is on the march,
Both legs stiff with too much starch.
My suit is hanging upside down,
Performing like a circus clown!

Jane's pinafores are stiff and full;
They leap up high and tug and pull!
Her bloomers billow out and dip;
Her little socks and stockings skip.

The way they frisk about and run
They seem to like the kindly sun;
They like the jolly wind ablowing,
I wonder where they think they're going!

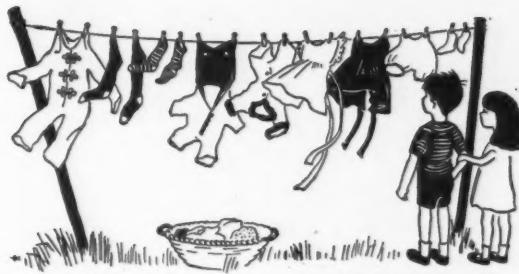
—Nona Keen Duffy

Autumn

The autumn leaves are painted brown,
On bitter nights they tumble down,
They flutter awhile, then fall to the
ground
And hustle along with a crackling sound.
When the wind comes roaring,
He blows them away,
While children gaily laugh and play.
The children's hearts are happy and gay,
But the hearts of the leaves have died
away.

—Anna (age 8), McDaniel School,
Philadelphia. Reprinted from *Child-
hood Education*.

Poems for Now



DRAWING BY BARBARA COONEY

Morning Winds

The West Wind combs the long corn rows
And brushes heads of wheat.

The North Wind spreads the tablecloth—
Puts silver at each seat.

The East Wind fills the glasses up
With water it has caught.

The South Wind browns the cereals
And keeps the muffins hot.

—Livingston L. Blair

Wishes

I wish I were a little fish,
Away down in the sea;
But what's the use of wishing?
I'm always only me.

Sometimes I wish I were a whale.
I'd swallow great big boats;
It'd be so cold inside of me
The men would want their coats.

Again, I wish I were a bird—
I'd fly and fly and fly;
But I'd better just stop wishing
As I'm always only I.

—Beverly Schulten, age 10,
Hannibal, Missouri

Food for Your Family

The boys and girls on this page are gathering the many things they have grown during the summer, either in home or community gardens. At the bottom are three Junior Red Cross members from Abbott School, Elgin, Illinois, who have bottled fruits and vegetables to be given to families in need. J.R.C. members will want to find out the best ways of preserving and canning the foods they have grown in Victory Gardens. If you are preserving food in cooking classes, your teacher can write for free canning bulletins from the United States Department of Agriculture, or you can write for them yourself.

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